"Anna Karenina" Driven to Death By Bad Acting.



A fully killed by the Herald Square through express, running on a Russian edy, however, did not prevent Miss Virginia Harned from climbing out of the

long trail of tears marked Miss Harned's course through the five acts of

real Anna Karenina would have cut

novel Shubertized by Thomas, W. Broadburst and emotionalized by Miss Harned, would scarcely have been recognized by the to order and betrayed the managerial brought up to date. Dramatized literature, supposedly crushed to earth had risen again and was giving vent to a wild, melodramatic dramatization of "Pilgrim's Progress" had begun its deadly work on the strength of Edmond Guiraud's ver-alon of the Tolstoi novel, which made hurst showed no little skill and dramatic ingenuity in handling the given little assistance by the actors

Tolstol's study of the "grand pasthat whirls the helpless and Virginia Harned, John Mason and vacillating Anna through a dream of happiness to a tragic death by suicide is psychological, almost physiological in its realism, and behind it fooms a grim figure—a sort of Russian Nemesis—seeming to say that love which depends

upon passion alone will ruin all that it touches. But on the stage that sort of thing doesn't go-at any rate it didn't go last night except for one scene in which Anna figuratively threw her lover in her husband's face, and Karenin brought her back to him by compelling their child to call for its mother. This was good, moving melodrama, and Miss Harned and

Mr. John Mason, as Karenin, played it for all it was worth. Mr. Broadhurst may deserve the credit, or censure, for the departures from the novel, but from all accounts he has improved upon the French ver tion in many respects. Whether the adaptation has been altered since it left his hands remains for others to say, but there is certainly a vuigar ization of characters for which some one is responsible. First of all, Anna's worldly, conciliatory, almost contemptibly long-suffering husband is transformed into a jealous. Bluebeard-ish sort of person who almost strangles her in his attempt to learn whether she loves the young officer Vronsky and finally traps her with a lie by telling her that Vronsky has been killed in the steeplechase. the sake of a "strong scene," but it is done at the expense of Karenin, who

band to a wildly jealous brute who is even more melodromatic than Othello. As for Anne, she hasn't even the xcuse of a second child-Vronsky'sfor running off with her lover. She is sentimentalized into the usual wronged" heroine, suspected everybody (it was painful to watch the builted by her husband, and robbed of her boy. Therefore she is justified in trotting off with her lover. Such is the

slightly cynical and very tolerant hus-

R. Warwick.

logic of the stage as demonstrated at the Herald Square Theatre. It was perhaps not Mr. Mason's fault that he did not realize Karenin. He probably did what he was told to do-and he did it very well. Mr. Robert Warsatisfactory character was the Prince Stephen Oblonsky of Mr. Albert Grau, who Master Foster Williams, though a bit too precocious as little Serge, also helped to lighten the general gloom. After her one telling scene with Karenin, Miss Harned abandoned herself to the handkeronief school of acting-tears, sniffles, and more tears. Her visit to the boy was like going back to the sad, wet days of 'East Lynne," except that Miss Harned wore gorgeous furs instead of green goggles. As for the acting of the rest of the cast, it was enough to drive Anna

The Best Fun of the Day by Evening World Humorists & printed in the Dismopolitan Magazine (15 cents, at all newsstands, sodtf) is the

New York Thro' Funny Glasses

By Irvin S. Cobb.

(From the Dismopolitan Magazine.)



the greatest poem that was ever published. The author is Mr George Platedware, of the Psychopathic Ward, He had succeeded in leaving Bellevue at the time he wrote

ured and returned to the padded-cell department. The title of this great poem is one which in every way ie poem sounds just like the name, only more so. It

about a mile and a quarter. Such a work could never have for this magazine. 'He is therefore an unbiased judge. been written by Wordsworth, or Keats, or Sheller, or Williams and Walker, or any of that bum bunch. To produce such lines as those just quoted the author must have been fairly lit up and overflowing with inspiration, or something

When dawn upon the datay's breast hath laid a single egg, And lot the paintrating want ad steals a hence, and leaves behind An aching void like unto a crimsoned drop-stick dropped—

And so the poor dog had none!"

This verse-the ninety-third from the top, and there fourth from the bottom-starts out softly, as it were, and gently, with a cadence TEEN CENTS to cover cost of postage and the magazine of the return of the Haffen Club from an outing, and a spontaneous/combustion a setting of surdled dack eggs and a side 'view of S in a flash of blue lightning, from a cab window while riding home in a cab

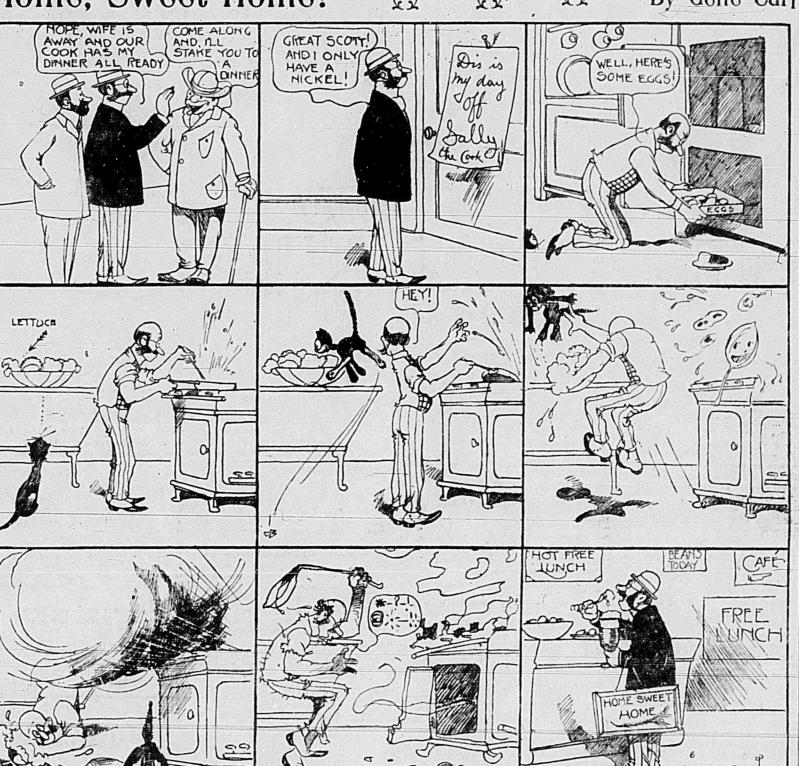
with an armload of buns. from the same gifted pen, to be written just as soon as the authorities feel justified in allowing Mr. Platedware the use of his limbs. It is to be entitled.

The Wobbling of the Wampus, or, the Duflicker of the Dingbat." Later-We open the forms to announce that Mr. Ambrose Elerce, the well-And Satan yawning on his brazen seat. Say, do you known journeyman poet, also thinks this is the greatest poem that was even blance him?".

The poem continues in the same general strain for favorite author. A. Flerce. Mr. Flerce does his thinking exclusively to order

Home, Sweet Home!

By Gene Carr was remove



However, we will let OUR readers decide for themselves. WE will cher-nd fully send sample copies of the poem, free of charge, upon receipt of SEIVEN-In the meantime WE will print criticisms of Mr. Platedware's poems to Hells Heeler Billicox, Horrible Hix and other eminent authorities whom WE

HERATEST American poem that was ever PRODUCED.

WE do not agree with Mr. Flerce.

Boarding House Fables.

By Joseph A. Flynn.

position to reach by opening OUR office door and yelling the name.

WE are inclined to award the PALM to one of OUR own IDIOTORIALS.



Central Station, quite a number of people must be returning to the city," I remarked to Tess yester mentally figuring out with the aid of a fork the probcost of a new derby hat and light overcout

'Yes, they're coming back, and they're glad to g she replied, throuting a happy draught by closing he dining-room window behind my back. "Old summer ofling down the road, and, freckles and souvenir pins a cill be boss on the job to the rubby-dub act all over touse, disturbing sleeping viust and about a foot of ch shes left on the new diffing room carper by John's qu

riends.
"You can easily tell all the merry villagers have com sack to the nest, for everybody wants to make a lightning touch to invest into ew fall rig, and even baby's bank, given him by grandma, and which was no to open its mouth until he voted, has been strangled good and hard with the nammer until it coughes up its tin.

another year, and once a month get cobwebs in the brain looking over the pic tures sister took-of Peter standing on his ear in the hay, mother at the old well, and Susie on Nie cow's back. Everybody will be gassing about the ten dollar joy storm-they ran up against at Deadburst, where sometimes as man as two carriages crawled past the house in one week, and they'll punct loket good and hard with a quiet one about all the change dispensers there bumped into, while the smiling pill-rollers on the corner will get a cramp in ooth arms and overwork the till handing out sure cures for taking the Sunt How-Do-You-Do' off arms and necks. "Now all the keepers of the summer barns will fish their best red tie

celluloid collar out of the safe, take themselves by the hand down to our charge ng village, get desperate, blow in two bones on nickel cigars, and rub the paws together and smile as they watch us on the daily shove, working enough mazuma to hand over to them next year.

"The best part of a vacation is the coming back. I never yet loosened up. satisfied sigh in summer till I got the New Mown Gas perfume of the North River; and when my feet all the asphalt again and I heard the clang! clang! the trolleys as they passed an old lady shaking her fist at them on the corner "When you get the crickets out of your think factory, and turn your her

tround, ain't we a lot of wors to take all the cabbages that come "We drag ourselves away like a wet sponge from our little cosy corner and change cars six times to Fbrille, with two mails every three weeks; roll our ovely orbs over meals picked right out of the can that morning; let hungry mosquitoes play Thanksgiving Day with our good, red blood; get malaria and hay ever; ruin our hard-earned lawn covers on the home-made roads; almost break ur necks and a couple of commanisments wrestling with our fluffy-duffy every ight in front of half a glass built before the Flood; try to see what we look the over a seven-cent smoke foundry, and come back to the city 'rom nobody but the doctor, druggist and undertaker." "But, if people don't derive any pleasure from it, why do they

asked, rising hurriedly to get out of the range of the butter, and marvelling "So as to be able to talk about it in anowball time," she replied, giving me

a knowing wink as the lady of the house tiptoed into the room to watch the death struggles of Monday's hash.

HINTS FOR THE HOME

Cheese Balls.

TEAT the cheese until melted to the are tender. Add the butter and rolling consistency of chewing gum, then and serve hot, with crisp orackers, mold to the shape of an oval bon bon and press a nut meat in centre.

Bean Salad.

N appetizing salad can be made from cooked navy beans left over from a meal. Chop a small onion to the beans; add a little pepper and linegar to taste.

Southern Corn Chowder.

TO ONE quart of raw sweet corn add aspoonful of salt, one saltspoonful twenty-eight years as i

Solution of the "Bridget's Age" Puzzlei

Here is the solution of the "Bridgetta Age" puzzle in yesterday's Evening

World:

"My mother is seventy-five, my

younger sister is sixteen and E one pint of stewed potatoes, sait The days upon which Feb. 29 tell in the pork out in inch cubes, two onlons, nineteenth century ran in a cycle of white pepper, one large tablespoonful day, Monday, Wednesday, Friday, Sunof butter, one pint of milk, six crisp day, Tuesday, Thursday, Feb. 29, 1906, toes. Scrape the raw corn from the 29 which came on Saturday was to cob. Botl the cebs twenty minutes in 1803; previous to that in 1840. Since the water enough to cover them; then skim ages of Bridget's mother and younger out, pare, soak, and scald potatoes; fry sister preclude her having been born for the onlons in the salt pork fat, and then the years 1895 or 1860, we find that here strain the fat into the kettle with the birthday must have been Feb. 29, 1888. mater And the potatoes, toma- which is the answer to the problem

The Soldier of Fortune and the Slave Princess Struggle for Strange

& Firethusa & A Princess in Slavery. By F. Marion Crawford

The score is laid in Constantinopie in laïd.

Zoe, a Greek princess, whose parents died in her infrancy, selis herself as a siave in order to save from beggary the wife and children of the Constantinopie nobleman who brought her up as his adopted daughter. Zoe, changing her name to Arethusa, is sold by Gulladi (an Armenian slave dealer) to Carle Zeno, a gallant venetian soldier of fortune Zeno and she are irresistibly attracted toward each other. An astrologer named Gordia, cats during a Carle secretary, combono, egg arcthusa to use her influence with Zeno te enlist the laiter in a desperate enterprise to restore to the throne the former Enterprise to restore to th SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER IX.

A Slave's Advice. said at last with great convic-

"Really?" Zoe pretended surprised in prised. erest. "What?" she asked with affect-ed eagerness. "You understand me perfectly," he certainly look out of the window, unless replied with a shade of sternness, for he was growing tired of her mood as for your doing that, I will yield only was growing tired of her mood.

She glanced at him sideways, as a woman does when she hears a man's A Declaration tone change suddenly, and she is not of Independence.

sure what he may do or say next She laughed again, much stand you, my lord," she said, after an him. And indeed, he did not at first

instant's hesitation. "The matter is simple enough. I find independence.

"I cannot imagine why you should be likely to people living in your house, do you? They are chains and starved, or turned out of you."

"I cannot imagine why you should be living in your house, do you? They are chains and starved, or turned out of you."

She raised he his eves without the standard of the standard out of your house and sold at auction? Those his eves without the standard out of your house and sold at auction? Those his eves without the standard out of your house and sold at auction? Those his eves without the standard out of your house and sold at auction? Those his eves without the standard out of your house and sold at auction? Those his eves without the standard out of your house, and your house and sold at auction? Those his eves without the standard out of your house, and your house and sold at auction? Those his eves without the standard out of your house, and your house and sold at auction? Those his even without the standard out of your house, and your house and sold at auction? Those his even with the standard out of your house, and your house and sold at auction? Those his even with the standard out of your house, and your house and sold at auction? Those his even with the standard out of your house, and your house and sold at auction? Those his even with the standard out of your house and sold at auction? Those his even with the standard out of your house and sold at auction? Those his even with the standard out of your house and sold at auction? Those his even with the standard out of your house and your house are the standard out of your house and your house and your house are the standard out of your house and your house are the standard out of your house and your house are the standard out of your house and your house are the standard out of your house and your house are the standard out of your house are the standard out of your house are the standard out of your house are the your house are the standard out of your hous interrupting a man just at the right haps you fancy they may be friends— who would be much shocked and grieved are the usual punishments for disobement for her own advantage. "I you think that if they recognize you— to learn that you have bought a pretty dient slaves, are they not?"

"I should advise you to give them saiad exactly like this," answered Zoe. "It could not be better!" "I am glad you like it. I leave the fare to Omobono. It is about another

matter that I have to speak." "You need not!" Zoe laughed carelessly. "I know what you are going to say. Shall I save you the trouble?"
"I do not see how you can guess what

"Oh, easily! You do not wish your friends to see me, and you are going to 64COMETHING has happened," Zeno order me not to look out of the window

"Yes-more or less" -- Zeno was sur-

"You do not make it easy to under the dilemma in which she was placing They both make a mistake. If lovers would only have the dograge to be perknow how to answer her declaration of

out short the suggestion.

was never in a better temper in my life!"

To prove inis, she took a bird and some salad, and smiled sweetly at her bear and some salad, and smiled sweetly at her bear and some salad, and smiled sweetly at her bear and some salad. To prove the salad salad smiled sweetly at her bear and some salad and smiled sweetly at her bear and some salad and smiled sweetly at her bear and some salad and smiled sweetly at her bear and some salad and smiled sweetly at her bear and some salad and smiled sweetly at her bear and some salad and smiled sweetly at her bear some salad and smiled sweetly at her bear and some salad and smiled sweetly at her bear and some salad and smiled sweetly at her salad salad and smiled sweetly at her salad salad and smiled sweetly at her salad sal

Zoe's tone changed again and became other, you think it just as well for you Copyright, 1900, by Phillips Publishing tion, but he did not fall into the trap.

Or pany

Or pany

Or your affairs, that they should! I have "It is nothing but curiosity, of course!"

always heard that the Venetians are

THE WHITE LIES OF LOVE.

thanselves virtues they do not possess.

ig, economy and unselfishness, will coolingly claim these as her own, when in

F we could but eliminary the white lies of love, how

ingly harmless fibs, told on the spur of the moment to

much unhappiness would be avoided. To those seem-

"There are none," said Zeno, as if to
"My anger," Zeno answered, curtly.
"Yes, sir, I understand. Your anger—
a little. "I shall not beat you, I shall
not sell you."

"If you were," answered Zoe, turning her face from him to hide her smile, "you would probably wish to tear out my tongue!"

"Perhaps."

another to die! Zeno laughed rather incredulously, as he quoted the old Italian proverb.

"I have seen death." Zoe answered, have passed, en its with a different tong. "I know what it is."

A Mysterious

He wondered what she meant, but he Singer,

it is nothing but euriosity, of course."

Then you are not easy to live with, "It is nothing but euriosity, of course."

Now over."

A Woman's

Obstinacy.

"Do take some of this salad." suggested Zoe. "It is really delicious!"

"To-morrow," Zeno said, without paynor morrow," I shall have a few guests at dinner."

Sirlishly petulant.

"It is nothing but euriosity, of course."

"It might be a wise precaution." so and for a few moments three was situated.

"In might be a wise precaution." so and for a few moments there was situated.

"In might be a wise precaution." so and for a few moments there was situated.

"In might be a wise precaution." so and for a few moments three was situated.

"In might be a wise precaution." so and for a few moments there was situated.

"It might be a wise precaution."

"It is nothing but euriosity, of course."

"It is nothing but euriosity, of course."

"It is nothing but euriosity, of course."

"It ment be a wise precaution."

It is nothing but euriosity, of course."

"It ment be a wise precaution."

"It ment be a wise precaution."

It would that the Venetians are that the Venetians are the stance of the was distincted the was drived.

"You are probably the only person and the whodered what she meant, but he with the words sounded like a threat th

create a good impression, can be attributed half the Dear Betty: heart breaks of the disilkusionment of marriage, for 1 AM a young man of nineteen and me? Does

heart breaks of the disillusionment of marriage, to:

AM a young man of marriage, to:

AM a young man of marriage, or do I?

Do not expect to take up
lady of eighteen. As we love each
girls time. She is probalady of eighteen are would like to know the undecided in her affections. never discerned until after marriage," or words to that other dearly I would like to know the undecided in her affection other dearly I would like to know the undecided in her affection other dearly I would like to know the undecided in her affection other. The loving, earnest looks in each other's eyal right age to get married. F. N. Her First Callers. No man should marry before twentyone. If he walts till he is twenty-five Dear Beity: .

The Right Age to Marry.

Many is the maiden, who, on learning of her lover's admiration for good cook- it is much better. reality she neither knows ner cares anything about them; and many is the man The Friend or Lover. who to win the affection of his lady-love will rave over the beauties of music. Dear Betty:

I HAVE been keeping company with They both make a mistake. If lovers would only have the courage to be perfectly frank with one another the rapidly increasing list of marriage failures.

She has at times treated me in a sandwiches will do never any feel for the property of the property No marriage founded on deceit can ever grows successful, for true happiness and did so, she said she wanted to see family.

The water is both sait and fresh, over the water to my love, this night, over the water when, and the song was for her, and for no one sail that. At a signal from Zoe, the maid shut the window again, and drew the curtains.

"Could you understand the relow?"

Zeno asked, glad in reality that the conversation had been interrupted. "Yes," Zoe answered lightly, "as you would understand an Hallen fishers man, I suppose. The man gave you, as message, my lord. Shell a interpret what he said?"

Can you? He laughed a little. "He tells you will not try to force Arethusa to keep away from the window to morrow site will a finterpret what he said?"

Can you? He laughed a little. "Your friend must have good earst the window to morrow site will a force of a soiltary fisherman sitting at the pier's edge below it, and he had waved his rod thrice over the water when, she passed by. And now in a flash of intuition she guessed that the singer was the fisherman and none other, and that the song was for her, and for no one lightly was a signal which she could and there was but one way the could and there was but one way the could and there were a soil tart fisherman and should answer if she could, and there was but one way the could and the word had a little. "The tells you will not try to force a rethurs to keep away from the window to more sail that. At a signal window to make the make the window to make distinctly. The make glad in reality that the conversation had been interrupted. "Yes, "Zoe answered lightly, "as you would understand an Hallen fisher. The man gave you, we measure, my lord. Shell a interpret when the window to make a little. "You will not try to force Arethusa to keep away from the window to more will will not try to force a lady of Constantinople in the same case if she took oath on the four down the man gave you."

The could understand and should answer if she could, and there was but one way of answering, and that was to show some light.
"It is hot," she said, beakoning to
Yulla, "Open the large wirdow wide
for a few minutes and let in the fresh Yulia obeyed quickly. The night was very dark.

The Voice set tasked in the Night.

"Besides," Zoe continued carelessly, as Zeno looked at her, "that fellow has a fine voice, and we shall still hear And indeed, as the window was opened, the song was heard again, a some distance:

AM a young kirl for the first time having gentlemen callers. Is the see the day in your face, I shall see the hoon in your eyes, I shall see the noon in your eyes, I shall see the noon in your eyes, I shall see the noon in your face, I shall see the noon in your f

The Swedish Prince Will Take Yens Pictures Home.

DRINGE WILHELM of Sweden enjoyed not only his visit to New York, but also the "Yens Yensen, Yanitor" comics of The Evening World, drawn by the famous cartoonist, R. W. Taylor, and which were published during thesi Prince's, sojourn in the city. Mr. Caylor sent the originals to the Prince and received the following

leasant acknowledgment: of Evening World. His Royal Highness Prince Wilielm of Sweden has asked me to nd Mr. Taylor his best thanks for e drawings presented to him. ill, be of pleasure as a souven Yours very truly,

A. de C. to H. R. H. Iotel Astor, N. Y., Sept. 2.